

THE *Eng. Poetry vol 15*

Priest turn'd Poet:

OR,

The Best Way of Answering
Dr. SACHEVEREL's Sermon,

PREACHED AT

St. Paul's, Nov. the 5th 1709.

Before the Right Honourable the

LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN,
and **CITIZENS of LONDON.**

B E I N G

His Discourse paraphras'd in Burlesque Rhime.

—— *Ridenti dicere verum*
Quis Vetat.

*Answer a Fool according to his Folly, lest he be Wise in his
own Conceit. PROV. XXVI. 5.*

L O N D O N,

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To ———, a Member of
PARLIAMENT

SIR,

YOU know, that you and I us'd to divert our selves now and then over a Glass with a little Burlesque, but we never chose any thing for a Subject which had the least similitude of Religion, being mindful of the Saying of the great Poet, Non licet Ludere Sacris. I hope you won't take me to have transgress'd that Rule in what I now send you.

Had I thought Dr. Sacheverel's Performance to have deserv'd the Name of a Sermon, I should have been far from treating it in this manner; but since, in my Opinion, he has burlesqu'd the Text, and all that Men of Sense account sacred and valuable, I conceive my self to have transgress'd no Rule of Decency or Good Manners, by exposing his Ridiculous Prose in Bantering Verse. I only do that which he ought to have done himself, viz. to make it Rhime, since it had no Reason; that it might be Something at last. I do believe that such a piece of malicious, incoherent, and self-contradictory Stuff, was never obtruded upon the World, under the Notion of a Sermon: 'Tis my Opinion, Sir, that he is a Disgrace to the University and Pulpit, and indeed to the whole English Nation. He has exhausted all the Topicks of Ill-Nature and Billingsgate, to patch up his Discourse. There are so many new-coin'd Phrases adapted to Scolding in it, that I fancy he has bankrupt all the Oysterwomen, Porters, Watermen, Coachmen and Carmen in Town, to make up his Collection. I had once some Thoughts to reduce his uncouth and extravagant Expressions into order of Alphabet, and to have intitul'd it, A Dictionary for Ecclesiastical Billings-

gate, but I consider'd that I did not owe the Jacobite Conventiclers so much service; let them be at the pains to Common-place it themselves, and make it The High-church and Non-jurant's Vade Mecum.

I am glad however that your Honourable House has pass'd so Just a Censure upon him; not that any thing he has said (or can say) deserves Your Notice of it self, but as he is one of the most Zealous Antesignani of the Faction, and has made it his Business to poyson University, City, and Country, with his Pestilent Breath. It must needs be a great satisfaction to you, and to all Honest Men of Revolution Principles, to see how low the Party is reduc'd, when they chuse such a Madman to make their Pulpit Harangues, and that they are so far depriv'd of Common Prudence, as to shew their Teeth thus when they can't bite. He has made his own Folly, and that of his Party, so conspicuous, that those of Sense among 'em curse him, and such as employ'd him, for having, by their Precipitancy and Rashness, given a fatal Blow to their Cause.

I shall trouble you no further at present, but with a Burlesque Address, as follows.

Pray let it be Enacted, for your own Vindication,
That Sacheverel's distracted, and not the* whole Nation.
Rebuke him for the Lie which he openly vaunted,
That Sir S——, his Patron, was bold and † undaunted, }
Since the Dr. stood to it, but Sir S—— recanted.
From whence it is plain, that the one or the other
Must go to the Lake, as a False-hearted Brother.
Sir S—— is a cowardly || lazy Defender,
And shall never be pardon'd by St. Germain's Pretender.
I hope you'll not say that my Verses are froward,
He can ne'er be a * Christian, who is so much a Coward.
Let the Dr. take care tho', and no more forget
Or mangle the Title of a Knight Baronet.
Take heed what you do to this Chaplain of Nero, }
High-Church will record him a Saint and a Hero,
And praise him to the Tune of Lilly-burlero.
The Choir shall be led by Cathedral Precentor,
With a Gut like a Tun, and a Voice like old Stentor;

* Dedic. p. 2. † Dedic. p. 2. || Dedic. p. 2. * Serm. p. 23.

For the Faction do make a most damnable Din,
 That the *Church* is now fiercely attack'd from within;
 And that, you know well, is no Venial Sin:
 The Dr. has sounded his Trumpet in *Zion*,
 And cry'd out aloud, that you all may rely on.
 Proceed not then rashly, but pray make a stand,
 As you would not transgress his † half-way Command,
 And be || curs'd by the *Bell, Book, Candle, and Band*.
 The Dr. can prove by his known *Mathematicks*,
 That you are all to be damn'd for *Whigs* and *Fanaticks*:
 High-Church had resolv'd, and firmly concluded,
 To open your Eyes, because you're deluded.
 The Dr. did * charitably hold out a Light,
 To shew that you're wrong, and to set you to right;
 Tho' instead of taking him by the right Handle,
 You have broken his *Lanthorn*, and put out his *Candle*.
 But for all your heavy *Censures* and *Impeachment* and *Baulks*,
 By treating him like *Judas*, or old *Guido Faux*,
 They'll hang up his *Lanthorn* as high as *Paul's Dome*,
 To be worship'd like *Judas's*, now kept at *Rome*.

I hope you will excuse my Muse, for not always keeping her Feet; the Dr. stumbled so often, that she could not follow him without tripping now and then, as well as he. I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble

Servant,

J. P.

† *Dedic. p. 2.*

|| *Serm. p. 23.*

* *Dedic. p. 1.*

Dedication.

MY Lord, I make bold, by your Lordship's Command,
 To publish my Sermon throughout the whole Land;
 In Contempt of my Foes, and to do my self Right,
 'Gainst those who condemn'd it without hearing or fight.
 But this is no News, and I do not much care,
 For those who judge Things that lie out of their Sphere,
 Abandon'd to Folly, and giv'n up to Ruin,
 They'r angry that I would prevent their Undoing,
 They have shut their Eyes fast, and leap into a Pit,
 Are harden'd in their Errors, and out of their Wit,
 And for holding them a Candle my Fingers are bit.
 My Lord, they are Stupid, and have nothing of Spirit
 To understand what I say, or to judge of its Merit;
 I did what I could to have set them to right,
 But they would not once look at my fine glaring Light.
 My Lord, I do bring you but very bad News,
 They'l banish from our Church old *Moses* and his *Jews*
 And Circumcis'd Godfathers flatly refuse.
 They have likewise embrac'd a most hateful Opinion,
 That Mob Common-Council's have right of Dominion,
 Our Church they affront, revile our Legislature,
 Raise imaginary Legions, a most dangerous matter!
 I'm summon'd by your Lordship to cure their Distraction,
 And therefore with a Vengeance let fly at the Faction,
 I'll open the Eyes of these blindfolded People,
 To see and pay Worship to the Cross on *Paul's*-Steeple.
 The Truth is, my Lord, I've a damnable itch
 To reform the City's Notions, because they are Rich,
 O had we but enough of your bold Resolution
 We would make them pay High-Church a large Contribution
 For others they'r nothing but cowardly Dastards
 Not the Churches True Sons, but her Spurious Bastards.

My Lord, they wou'd fain shut my Eyes and my Mouth,
 Because I am bold and dare tell them the Truth,
 But I'll sound my Church-Trumpet, and cry out so loud
 That I'll stun the Whig Aldermen, and raise up the Crowd:
 In the first place, my Lord, I wou'd have you understand
 That I always believ'd what we call Fifth Command,
 To the reason of this your Lordship's no Stranger,
 For your Person and mine too are both in great danger,
 By Whigs and Fanaticks, and so much the rather,
 That your Lordship's a Civil and I'm a Ghostly Father.
 But, my Lord, I hope still they'll be left in the lurch,
 Since your Lordship adorns, and bears up our High-Church;
 May it please your good Lordship, 'tis very great pity
 That e'er she shou'd want such a Pillar in the City.
 'Tis therefore, my Lord, I declare my self ready
 To follow your Footsteps because they are steady,
 Tho' we stumble sometimes when our Wine is too heady.

S E R M O N p. 1.

NOW let me begin with a noise and a pother,
 The Papist and Fanatick are each a false Brother;
 But the thing which my Hearers are most to remember,
 Is the 30th of *January*, not the 5th of *November*.
 The reason of my Doctrine does plainly appear,
 For the first does begin, and the last ends the year.

p. 2.

They are each a malicious and villainous Faction,
 But the Whigs have so fill'd up my Head with Distraction
 That wonder you must not, tho' I speak like one wild
 Say our Church is both Holy and her Doctrine defil'd,
 The Sentence is pleasing to S. F——— C———d.

p. 7.

He thinks Highwaymen and Pagans, tho' it be somewhat rash,
 Are to be trusted before a false Brother, with Cash,
 They prostitute our Church, debauch her at Altars
 And vilifie her Orders, I damn them to Halsters.

A 4

p. 8.

p. 8.

I mean Hypocrites, Deists, Socinians and Atheists,
And our other false Brothers, but say nothing of Papists.

p. 9.

My Trumpet comes next for to sound an Alarm
Against that false Brother call'd G---- of S----,
I cannot in Conscience vouchsafe him Good speed
Since he has fitted our Articles to *Mahomet's* Creed.
A Sectarist, Enthusiast, a Romantic Wild-man
A Schismatick, new Gospeler, does all that he can,
His Saviour to ungod, to destroy his Revelation
With Devils and Thieves fills the Church of the Nation,
He does what he pleases, and so he may well
Since he has found out the way to evacuate Hell;
His Terms are new fangl'd, his Philosophy odd,
He's a Traytor to the Church, and a Rebel to God,
His Conjectures are erroneous, his Reason without shame,
Shall such false Apostles bear a true Church-man's Name?
But mistake me not Hearers, for you must understand
I speak this in Obedience to God's Fifth Command,
Out on all false Prelates, so I can but come at 'um,
I value not *Decalogue* nor *Scandal Magnatum*.

p. 10.

I perfectly hate their Occasional Communion,
And the damnable Sin of a vile Mungrel Union,
With a base brood of Vipers, infatuated Sots,
Increas'd by our late coalition with the *Scots*,
Moderation's the Devil, I'm for Excommunication,
But Liberty of Conscience, and curs'd Toleration
I cannot away with, nor will ever defend
Their Patrons will come to a dismal black end.
All these are against our High-Church Constitution
And must go to old Satan without Absolution.
There's another sort of Men who are much to be fear'd
They'r Neutrals in Religion, but with Atheists they herd.

p. 11.

They frequent our Communion and learn all our Cant,
 But when at a Meeting, are sly as a Saint.
 There are other false Brethren who wish well to our Church,
 But for want of true zeal leave her fast in the lurch,
 Yet these must be exempted from the other Mens Curses,
 For they help us with their Tongues, with their Hands and
 (their Purfes ;
 Pray wonder not Brethren at flat Contradictions,
 For High Churches Truth must be blended with Fictions.
 I come next to attack the false Brethren of State
 From the Horn'd-beast of Oxford I learn'd that debate.
 Perhaps you will say that I basely mistook,
 But the Beast was more fit for my turn than the Book.

p. 12.

'Tis as plain as a Pikestaff from this Proposition
That we must obey Kings without any Condition
 Were they as bad as *Caligula, Nero or Domitian* ;
 Tho' they cut our own Throats, force our Daughters and Wives
 Resistance will forfeit our Souls and our Lives,
 Thus a Bishop, Lady D-----r cou'd not convince
 That 'twas lawful to resist being W-----re to a Prince
 By my Fifth Commandment 'tis plain to be seen
 We owe Fealty to St. *Germain's* but none to the *Queen*,
 For our Church teaches thus, I will swear and depone
 That those must be damn'd who *K. James* did dethrone,
 Whoe're says the contrary's a Fool and a Knave,
 Be he bred up at *Rome* or be taught at *Geneve*.

p. 13.

Let no Man object here the late Revolution,
 Our Church must determine what's true Constitution.
 'Tis a plain Proposition which here I lay down,
 We owe as much to the Church as we do to the Crown.
 She is Mistress of Conscience as well as of Reason,
 And the Sovereign Judge of Rebellion and Treason. See p. 12

Once

Once more at the Writings of G—— of S——,
His Conquest was burnt, for the rest I will tear 'um!

p. 14.

But pray don't mistake me Good Brethren, I hope
You'll allow he was right when he spoke for the Pope.
That was truly judicious, for I swear by the Steeple,
I had rather the Pope should have pow'r than the People
Our Church to reform, and our Kings to dethrone,
That's unlawful to many which is lawful to one.

p. 12.

I freely declare that I'm for one Pretender,
And print him in † Capitals as our Churches Defender.
Let them talk of Conventions and other such things,
'Tis the great God alone who is Ruler of Kings,
We Priests are his Envoys, to us the power's giv'n,
But ne'er that I heard of to the Chapel of St. Stev'n ;
Seditious lewd Villains, you may take my Word
That deserve a Controul from the Sovereign's Sword,
And the Censure of a Synod to send 'em to Hell,
With the Devil and his Angels for ever to dwell.
St. Andrew ‡ is for me, and St. George I will swear
Did for the same Doctrine protest and declare:
I dare boldly appeal to his Dragon and Horse
If the Popes pow'r be ill, that the Peoples is worse
St. Patrick will say so without a Remorse ;
They are vile filthy Dreamers, despisers of Dominion,
Blaspheme the Holy Ghost both in practice and opinion,
To the Justice, not the Mercy, of our High Legislature
I referr the Correction of ev'ry such Traytor.
Our Government suffers these Knaves to combine p. 14, 15
In Nurseries, where Deists and Atheists design,
With Tritheists, Fanaticks, King-killers in truth,
To corrupt, and debauch, and to poyson our Youth.
Dear Oxford and Cambridge, be watchful, beware,
Of Passive Obedience, I beseech you, take care,
For the sake of King James and Loretto's true Heir.

† Bp. Andrews p. 14.

‡ See the Note p. 14.

My Lord *Melfort* and I can plight both Troth & Faith,
 Tho' our Monument's demolish'd, he was got at the *Bath*;
 Count d' *Ada* did know it, and *Jefferies* most wise
 Swore he saw something once betwixt *Modena's* Thighs.

Once more for a Touch at the damn'd Toleration;
 'Tis a Monster and Viper will ruin the Nation. p. 15

I leave it to your selves then, if you think it is just
 To put Men of such Maxims in Places of Trust;
 If you once touch their Loins, that's a modest expression,
 But I hope you will pardon me for the Digression;
 I mean, if they're touch'd but in Person or Purse,
 Their God and their Queen they'll look upward & curse.
 If you ask me the Question, how I came to know it,
 Why Brethren, *Our Church* did most perfectly show it,
 When *James* touch'd the Bishops, made our Candle-
 sticks ring,

They forgot *Non-resistance*, and outed their King,
 And why may not others do the very same thing?
 We have other *False Brethren* that are likewise too rife,
 Which respect the Concerns of a more private Life,
 Such as in a Misfortune their Friend do forsake,
 Neglect his Reputation when 'tis brought to the Stake,
 Break Word and Profession, use Equivocation,
 And gull one with doubtful fly Insinuation;
 Would Sir S— and all of 'em were banisht the Nation
 As fraudulent, crafty, and backbiting Slaves,
 Insidious, treacherous and falsehearted Knaves.

Then for Application of this learn'd Debate p. 16
 Allow me the Rhetorick of fam'd *Billingsgate*.

My Brethren, our Church is in *Danger*, you know,
 Of being undermin'd and receiving a Blow (kers,
 From those Spurious Villains call'd *Turks, Jews & Qua-*
 Such other Heterogeneous and Mix'd Undertakers:

We are *Protestants* only by one single Note,
 But against the whole Volume of *Popery* they vote:
 I speak it to my sorrow, pray attentively hark,
 Our Church is become a downright *Whetstone's* Park,

Is prostituted daily, without any Remorse,
 To that infamous Stallion the old *Trojan Horse*;
 So that now she has Cullies in far greater store
 Than ever polluted the vile *Roman Whore*:
 They pull down her Inclosures, lay open her Fences,
 Her Articles are taught a Confusion of Senses;
 And instead of my self and such Orthodox Priests,
 Her Pulpits are fill'd up with Pagans and Beasts.
 You know there were Articles sign'd and indented,
 To have made her a Chaos, but happily prevented,
 By the *Archbishop's* Death, the Decease of the *Queen*,
 And the Stumble of *Sorrel*, which eas'd us of Spleen
 For a few Months at least, and defeated the Scheme
 Of the Fools and the Villains, who were pleas'd with
 the Dream,

T'have made our *House of Prayer* a Den of base Thieves;
 May Heav'n still be pleas'd to send more such Reprieves,
 For, alas my dear *Brethren*! we are all in the lurch, p.17
 To the *Conventicle* now they have carried the Church.
Occasional Conformists, by a Train of Moderation,
 Have blown up the Steeple, and buried the Nation.
 No Man from Mount *Ebal* does value our Curses,
 Our Proctors and Doctors can't now fill their Purses
 By sending to Satan Dissenting Whig Ninnies,
 And bringing 'em back for repenting by Guineas.
 Our Discipline's lost before e'er it was found,
 And our Church, e're 'twas built, is pull'd down to the
 Ground.

'Tis as true as the Gospel, if you'l take my Averment,
 Our Priests sell their Consciences now for Preferment.
Erastianism, Heresie, Schism they maintain
 By fallacious Spiritual *Legerdemain*.

Our brave Penal Laws, that brought in Contribution,
 And so nobly sustain'd our High-church Constitution }
 Were sacrific'd, you know, by the late Revolution: }
 It nail'd up her Canon, that fir'd with such Vigor,
 And cashier'd her Dragoons on pretence of their Rigor.

The next thing I'll prove, and I'll do it with might,
 The *Q.* is depriv'd of Hereditary right,
 'Cause the Whigs have establish'd it by a new Law, *p. 18.*
 On her self and her Heirs, say the old had a flaw,
 And laid up Popish Princes by Wholesale in Petto
 To convert our High Church to the Chapel of *Lorretto!*
 Assure your selves Brethen, the curs'd Whigish Faction,
 Are so far from being asham'd of the Action
 That they have made a new Law by force and by might
 To batter Divine and Hereditary right;
 That whoever turns Papist, or shall Papist marry,
 Nor *Crown* nor a *Scepter* from henceforth shall carry;
 Pray don't you take this for a matter of Laughter,
 What's bad for the Mother is bad for the Daughter;
 That Law with Sedition and Treason so pregnant,
 Pleases none but the Ch--- State, devouring Malignant;
 Th' Insatiable Clamorous admirers of *Tindal*
 Who suck'd in lewd Principles from Archbp. *Grindal*,
 They were born in Sedition, begot in Rebellion,
 When the Ch-- plaid the Wh--- and the D-- was her
 Stallion.

Republican Traytors, a pack of false Loons,
 That pelt our High Ch--- with continual Lampoons,
 Excentrical Comets that burst when too great,
 And threaten the Ruine of our Ch -- and our State,
 The better to accomplish and finish their Show
 Our Ch--- they divide into High, into Low,
 Call us Jacobites and Papists, and what else they please,
 And prescribe Moderation to cure our disease;
 Had *Besses* Example been follow'd by *K. James*,
 Had he burnt or hang'd 'em, or drown'd 'em i' th' *Thames*
 His Son and his Grandson had ne'r fell i' th' lurch,
 We had all long e'r now been at home in *Rome's* Church.
 Let both *Q.* and Parliament say ther's no danger,
 Sure as my Lord's Horse eats his Oats in a Manger.
 Our Church is in Peril. To demonstrate the thing,
 The Rebels said so, when they cut off the King, *p. 20.*
 While the *Cavaliers* drank and sung ding a ding, ding.

I'll prove it from Scripture, for that you say's best,
 While *Elisha* the Prophet slept found in his Nest,
 His blindfolded Servant at which you'll admire,
 Could not see the Chariots and Horses of Fire
 That endanger'd his Master with a huge glaring Light,
 Till a Wonder recover'd the blind-fellows sight.
 I know some will say I misconstrue the Text,
 'Twas an Army of *Syrians* that the Prophet perplex:
 No matter for that, when the High Church is prest,
 'Tis our Right Law, and Gospel, and History to wrest,
 The danger of *St. Germans* is by us clearly seen,
 But you know 'tis our Intrest to cry God save the Queen.
 I'm now drawing near to an End of my pother,
 But once more a Lash at our falsehearted Brother;
 The Whig and Low-Church will both renounce Creed,
 The Lord's Prayer, and Decalogue backward they'll
 read;

They'll sell and betray ev'n our Saviour himself,
 And Worship the Devil for Honour and Pelf,
 To gratifie Ambition, and satisfy Lust,
 They Baptism forsake, and abandon their Trust;
 They'll bring Truth it self to be a Voucher for Lies,
 Nay, Falsehoods and Errors and the Devil patronize.
 The crafty Volpone appears at their Head, p. 21.
 Of Cosenage and Sharping to teach them the Trade,
 Dissembling and Knavery, all sorts of Evasions,
 To shift and suit Principles to their Occasions,
 Religion to make State-craft, and Godliness Gain,
 So Honours and Revenues they can but obtain;
 Let Volpone beware to betray his old Friends,
 Lest he miss of his Aim, and come short of his Ends;
 Does he think to be pardon'd? as sure as I live,
 The High-Church ne'r knew what it was to forgive;
 To damn all Apostates we ever thought Just,
 And never to take them again into Trust,
 Except it be *H---y*, for him we needs must.

Yet

Yet let me give a Caution to every such Fool, p. 22.
 We only seem to trust him to make him a Tool,
 To deceive a Deceiver 'tis Lawful, most plain ;
 We will flatter and carress 'em again and again,
 But when our End's serv'd, turn 'em off with disdain,
 They are base Double-dealers, Hypocritical Knaves,
 Vile Traytors, false Brethren, nonsensical Slaves,
 Nonconformists in Opinion, Conformists in Profession,
 In order to get share of the Churches Possession ;
 But its time of those Men our last farewell to take,
 And send them to the Devil in the bottomless Lake ;
 Bear witness, my Brethren, that I do them no wrong,
 For to him and his Angels they surely belong.

Now for the Result of this tedious Discourse, p. 23.
 In which I have dissected the great *Trojan Horse*,
 Pray Sirs be aware, and make no wicked Paction,
 With Charity and Love, for we curse 'em in the Faction.
 As Error and Schism, and Encroachers by Nature,
 Moderation is certainly the Badge of a Traytor.

Oh hone and alafs ! for the Churches great harm
 By Christians Seditious, Half-fac'd and Luke-warm,
 Mean Sneakers and Shufflers, base timorous Dastards,
 If the Ch--- had been chaste she had ne'er had such
 * Bastards ;

Th' *Ascarides* bred in her uncleanly parts,
 Are the Grief and the Sorrow of honest Mens Hearts.
 They are curs'd and they'r damn'd, for their Sentence
 is giv'n,

And they cannot reverse what's confirmed by Heaven,
 But oh for Sir S--- my Patron's great loss !
 He's afraid and asham'd of the High-Churches cross :
 A Prelate Ingenious did wittily advance
 That such Men as he are but honest by chance ;
 Then if they be damn'd Sirs, it is no great wonder,
 When Pastors Superior dart Lightning and Thunder,

* Vid. *old Chamberlain's State of England.*

My Brethren, you see how our Cause does require, p. 24.
 That our Enemies be damn'd to Hell, *Brimstone* and
 (Fire,

For our Friends have betray'd us, don't lend us a hand,
 So that since the Revolution we can't make a stand.
 You see to what Gulphs of disorder we are hurl'd,
 Must fight against Princes and States of the World;
 Our High-Church is stab'd; and lies bleeding of her
 Wounds.

I hope Sirs, I have not exceeded my bounds,
 But let's still keep our Courage, be bold and stand fast;
 St. *Germain*s and St. *Lewis* may lend us a Cast.

F I N I S

.24
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fast,